

Wig. Poetry vol 13.

T H E

Boy in the Wheel.

S A T Y R.

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Do not in the
S A T Y R

S A T Y R
and the Royal Academy in Op
The Royal Academy in Op
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3^d.

T H E

Dog in the Wheel.

K

A

S A T Y R.

W I T H

The *CHARACTER* of a Disinterested,
Peaceable and Loyal Statesman, in Op-
position to that of a Busy, Turbulent,
Speaching Peer.

Ag't y^e Lord Haversham.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year, 1705.
18. Decemb.

Dog in the Wheel.

A

SATYR.

WITH

The CHANCELLOR of the Duchy of Lancaster, in Opposition to the Bill, Intended for the Relief of the Poor, &c. &c. &c.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year, 1705.

(3)

THE

Dog in the Wheel.

A

S A T Y R.

ONCE in a certain Family,
Where Idleness was disesteem'd;
For ancient Hospitality,
Great Plenty, and Frugality,
'Bove others famous deem'd :
No useless Thing was kept for show,
Unless a Paraquete, or so ;

B

Some

Some poor Relation in an Age,
 The Chaplain, or my Lady's Page :
 All Creatures else about the House,
 Were put to some convenient Use.

Nay, ev'n the Cook had learn't the knack,
 With *Cur*, to save the Charge of Jack ;
 So train'd 'em to her purpose fit,
 And made 'em Earn each Bit they eat.

Her ready Servants knew the VWheel,
 Or stood in awe of Whip and Bell,
 Each had his Task, and did it well :

Tho' for their Labour well they sped,
 They far'd like those were better bred,
 No Chaplains cou'd be higher fed :

Fine season'd Dishes fit their Maws,
 Swimming with curious sav'ry Sawce ;
 The Dripping-Pan, no Dainty was.

Plates heap'd with Fragments they devour,
 The Footman just had lick'd before,
 Wou'd make a Poor-man's Mouth run o're.

High-season'd Olio's, sav'ry Meats,
 With many fine delicious Bits,

Became

Became their daily Fare :

Sometimes a Capon's half-pick'd Rump,
At which a hungry ~~Priest~~ wou'd jump,

VVou'd happen to their share :

Till Full, and Wanton, they'd retire,
And bask, and play, before the chearful Fire.

One proling CUR, of little Use,
That strag'ling went about the House,
Bark'd at the Door, a Milking ran,
Lazy and Proud, as any Serving-Man :

VVas good for nothing that I know,
But Poor and Sawcy, like abundance more,

That still at Dinner-time wou'd go,
And cringe, and hanker, at the Kitchin Door.

And if the Cook but turn'd her back,

He'd many a sleeveless Errand make,

For Hunger, and his Belly's sake :

Tho', like a Thief, by stealth he came,
His Stomach cou'd digest the shame.

And

As thus he squeez'd himself one day,
 In a submissive fawning way,
 He took occasion thus to say ;
 ‘ I wonder, Gentlemen, that you,
 ‘ This servile Life will undergo ;
 ‘ Your Ancestors were better bred,
 ‘ In Noble Sports their Lives they led,
 ‘ And from their Master's Board were fed :
 ‘ They brought home Game to load the Spit,
 ‘ And ne'er to turn it wou'd submit :
 ‘ While you for Whips and Spurns must look,
 ‘ At ev'ry Fart that wrings the Cook.
 ‘ Tho', pardon me, so plain I speak,
 ‘ I do it for our Kindred sake.
 ‘ 'Tis true—— You may do what you please ;
 ‘ But e'er I'd lead a Life so base,
 ‘ (For I don't covet any Place)
 ‘ I'd starve about the House in peace.

This

This said—— the Cook came in at last,
 And seeing him among the rest,
 She call'd him very gently to'r,
 And stroak'd the smooth submissive Cur:
 Who soon was hush'd, forgot to rail,
 He lick'd his Lips, and wagg'd his Tail,
 Was over-joy'd he shou'd prevail

Such Favour to obtain.

Among the rest he went to play,
 Was put into the VVheel next day,
 He *Turn'd*, and Eat as well as they,
 And never *Speech'd* again.

Those ~~Lords~~ of deep reaches,
 VVith popular ~~Speeches~~,
 That dang'rous *Chimera's* inveigh,
 VVere they put into Place,
 (As we judge is the Case)
 VVho'd Sneak, or be Tamer than they,

But since we incline
 To thwart the Delight,
 And let 'em unheeded Rail on;
 His ~~Leisure~~ ^{Leisure} may Speak
 A fresh Speech ev'ry VWeek,
 And take a fresh VWhere ev'ry Moon.

There's none it will Offend,
 Tho' he misses his End;
 Or if his Pretentions are double;
 He may humour the Mob,
 VVith another such job,
 There's some slight Amends for the Trouble.

THE

T H E

Man of Honour.

NOT all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
 A Prince's VVhispers, or a Tyrant's Frown,
 Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind,
 Of him who to strict Honour is inclin'd ;
 Tho' all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait,
 On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
 Shou'd fondly court him to be Base and Great :
 With even Passions, and with settled Face,
 He wou'd remove the Harlot's false Embrace.

Tho'

Tho' all the Storms and Tempests shoud arise,
 That ~~Church~~ Magicians in their Cells devise,
 And from their settled Basis Nations tear,
 He wou'd unmov'd the mighty ruin Bear;
 Secure in Innocence, Contemn 'em all
 And Decently array'd in Honour's Fall.

Honour, that Spark of the Coelestial Fire,
 That above Nature makes Mankind aspire;
 Ennobles the rude Passions of the Frame,
 With thirst of Glory, and desire of Fame;
 The richest Treasure of a generous Breast,
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest:
 Wit, Strength and Courage, are wild dangerous Force
 Unless this softens, and directs their Course.

Of Honour, Men at first, like Women Nice,
 Raise Maiden Scruples in unpractic'd Vice,
 Their modest Nature curbs the Struggling Flame,
 And stifles what they wish to Act with Shame.

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But

But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
 That they may tast forbidden Fruit, and Live;
 They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
 Grow strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin:
 True to no Principles, press forward still,
 And only bound by Appetite, their Will.
 Now fawn, and flatter while this Tide prevails,
 And shift with ev'ry vering Blast their Sails.
 On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
 Free is their Service, and Unbought their Love.
 When danger calls, and Honour leads the VVay,
 VVith joy they follow, and With Pride Obey.



Rise glorious Church, Erect thy radiant Head,
 The Storm is past, th' impending Tempest fled.
 Had Fate decreed thy Ruin, or Disgrace,
 It had not giv'n such Sons so brave a Race.
 VVhen for Destruction Heaven's Realm designs,
 The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds,
 Such Men wou'd prop a sinking Nations weight,
 Stop falling Vengeance, and reverse ev'n Fate:
 Let other Nations boast their fruitful Soil,
 Their Fragrant Spices, their rich VVine and Oil.

In breathing Colours, and in Living Paint,
 Let them Excel, their Mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the Mind, to Arm the Soul,
 With Virtue, which no dangers can Controul:
 Exalt the Thought, a speedy Courage lend,
 That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend.
 These are the *English* Arts, these we profess,
 To be the same in Mis'ry and Success.
 To teach Oppressors Law, assist the Good,
 Relieve the wretched, and Subdue the Proud:
 Such are our Souls, but what does worth avail,
When Lewd repining Lords would hold the Scale.
 All Merits light, when they dispose the weight,
 Who either wou'd Embroil, or Rule the State,
 Defame those Heroes, who their Yoke refuse,
 And blast that Honesty they cannot use.

Men, like our Money, come the most in Play,
 For being Base, and of a course Allay.
 The richest Medals, and the purest Gold,
 Of Native Value, and exactest Mould.
 By Worth conceal'd in private Closets shine,
 For Vulgar Eye, too precious, and too Fine.

Whilst

VVhilst Tin and Copper, with new stamping bright
 Coin of base Metal, Counterfeit and Light,
 Do all the Business of the Nation turn,
 Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn.
 So shining Virtues are for Courts too bright,
 VVhose guilty Actions fly the searching Light.
 Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
 Great without Pomp they willingly retire :
 Give place to Fools, whose rash mis-judging Sense,
 Increases the weak Measures of their Prince.
 They blindly and implicitly run on,
 Nor see those Dangers which the other shun.
 Who slow to Act, each Business duly weigh,
 Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey ;
 With Wisdom fatal to their Int'rest strive,
 To make their Monarch lov'd, their Nation thrive.
 * Such is not *Haughton*, whose Zeal is known,
 * Only to Move for Int'rest of his own.
 * *Seymour* and *Clarke* deserve a higher Praise,
 * Were true to Honour, tho' they lost a Place.

[illegible]

